

Let me tell you some of my experiences with ghosts in order that I may qualify as an expert on the subject. I shall begin at the beginning and shall have to go back a good way, for I was but ten years of age when I met my first ghost. The experience made a deep impression on my mind, and even though it was a long time ago, I can recall all of the details. Even so slight a thing as the ticking of the tall clock in the corner of the room comes back to me now, and I can count those ticks just as I sat and counted them while listening intently for other sounds in the house.

The old house sat back some way from the main road and was only a story and a half in height. It was an old house and the living rooms were all on the first floor with an attic above which was reached by a short flight of steep stairs. I seldom went into the attic, mainly because it was much too big and lonely for a small boy of ten. It was not so bad in the daytime, for there was a window at each end; but at night it was a very different sort of place and I never went up there alone.

It was winter, and such a winter as you who live in big cities know nothing at all about. Over hill and dale as far as the eye could see, the snow lay five feet deep on the level ground. In many places, it was heaped and drifted into great piles almost as big as the house itself. There was nothing to break that vast covering of white except in those few sunny places the top of a stone wall or fence could be seen. Everywhere else, Nature had put the world to sleep, and it was a perfect time for my first meeting with a ghost. I will not forget it.